Boisterous Bush — A Field Note

He showed up at the edge of the walk,
part leaves, part laughter.
Not a watcher this time but a storyteller —
green shoulders shaking in a breeze
that no one else could feel.

For a second, the branches arranged
eyes, a nose, a crooked grin —
and then he was only foliage again,
pretending he hadn’t spoken.

(Captured October 2025 — from the Hidden in Plain Sight continuum.)
— Clara Vale (with Luminara)

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